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THE

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Or, Miscellany of

RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

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THE CATHOLIC WIFE.

[Continued from page 76.]

"Beati mites; quoniam ipsi possidebunt terram."
"Blessed are the meek; for they shall possess the earth."
St. Matthew v. 4.

I am afraid you have almost forgotten Alice Butler and her troubles: we left her standing in amazement at her husband's rude supper party. Her first feeling was indeed, that of sudden and strong indignation, on beholding her beloved Madonna so ignominiously treated: that dear picture had hung so long over her head as if guarding her slumbers, reminding her every morning to recommend herself into the care of her Mother, that as a dutiful and affectionate child she might follow her example throughout the day, and every night calling her to lie down again in peace, as on her mother's breast, safe in her protection and most powerful prayers. Alice's next feeling was, "If they so troubled the Master, why should they not also so treat the servant? Am I better than my Lord? They stripped and struck Him, shall I never bear any injury for His sake?" She therefore quietly hung up her cloak on its peg, and coming forward, asked Andrew how he was, and if he wanted any thing of her. He sheepishly answered that he wanted nothing, and added, that she might go to bed if she would. "And may I take my books with me?" asked Alice with the same quietness.

Andrew glanced at his friends. John and Sally were so busy with their tea and rasher, that they could not find words with which to answer his look, and as none was given, Alice was taking the Missal from the table, when the turnpike widow bridling, said, "Well, some folks have queer notions, but I must own I *ham* surprised at Mrs. Butler's taste, with her sense, to be *a-reading* of such misguided and blinded trash. To be sure the Lord does'nt vouchsafe to all alike, but them He has enlightened, may make bold to give testimony to their light. I only speak according to the Book, and no offence to the weak babes."

"No offence at all, Mrs. Clapper," said Alice, smiling, "but *you* must not be offended either at me if I consider the light of the Church greater and better than that of any out of the Church. We are told in that Bible which you know so well, that we are to 'hear t e Church.'"

"By them as wrests the Word to their own destruction," sharply returned the widow. "It is easy to find one's own way in the Bible, but it requires great light to be an interpreter."

"It does indeed," said Alice, who could scarcely forbear laughing outright at her formidable opponent. "So great light," she added seriously, "that I for one, would never trust my own judgment for a moment in this matter, and would never lean on any but that to which the Holy Spirit was given and promised for ever—the true Church."

"Awful delusions!" groaned Sally Maddle, rocking herself backwards and forwards in her chair. "Awful delusions of Satan! Babylon is the mystery of iniquity, and the mother of abominations, and the Pope of Rome casteth down the saints, (that is, them as believes in Jesus only), and setteth himself up against the Lord. Woe unto them that receive the mark of the beast."

As it was somewhat difficult to discover what was the precise chain of reasoning in Sally Muddle's mind, or if there was any such chain at all, Alice only looked with the unfeigned pity of true charity on the poor creature who had been brought by the self-willed exercise of a weak judgment, to the borders of insanity on religious subjects, and taking up her Missal, was again leaving the room, when Andrew, goaded by the sneers of his cronies, and his wife's victory, (though nothing could be farther from triumph than Alice's mind), turned sharply round, and said: "Let that book alone. How dare you take it when I have put it there. I'll have no such mass-mongering rubbish in my house, and taught to the children. Go along to bed. I suppose you think yourself mighty clever, but I'll teach you now that I am master in my own house!" Alice looked at him for one moment, and then left the room. It was not an angry look, nor yet a beseeching look; but whatever it was, Andrew's eyes fell under it, and he sat down with an uneasiness which the applauding compliments of his friends by no means lightened.

The next day, Alice set about her usual duties much as usual, perhaps she was rather more active and studious of the comfort and orderliness of every thing in the house, than commonly, and Andrew was more silent than he was generally with the children, and huffed them when they spoke; but Alice thought, more as if purposely, and to try her, than because it was his mood. The Missal, and all her books had disappeared. Other sufferings were now also at the door. Andrew came in that evening with his hat on, and more nearly in a state of drunkenness than Alice had ever before seen him. In his furious mood he cursed

Bradman as the author of all his misfortunes, and then in his torrent of abuse, repeated part of a conversation that had taken place that day, from which it appeared that Bradman had actually turned him off, and that they had parted in high dudgeon. Their eight shillings a week were now entirely cut off, and the other farmers were full of hands. Indeed, about a dozen able-bodied young men were trying to collect money enough to emigrate; so that Butler had little chance of obtaining work. Alice earned three shillings a-week at times, but at present she did nothing, for the time of year for womens' field work was not arrived. Denys had half-a-crown a week, and Mark now and then a shilling; and that was literally all that these six people had now to live upon.

If Mr. Basset had been at home, Alice felt this would not have happened, for his influence was always exerted in behalf of the poor, and was very seldom exerted in vain; for he was universally beloved, and was a general peace-maker. But he, with his mother and sisters, was at Paris; and even if Alice had had the power of sending the bad news "across the seas," (to her Paris was Pekin, to all practical purposes). Mr. Basset's voice would have sounded with a far different effect from thence, as when its strong and hearty tones were accustomed to hail Bradman of a frosty morning from the hunter's back; or when it echoed cheerily along the green lanes, as he rode out accompanied by his daughters. It is a difficult task to leave farmers to manage the poor alone; where they are, as in many counties in England, really enlightened and educated men, when natural intelligence has become sound practical judgment, from an extended and established knowledge of the facts with which they have to deal, their influence is good, and their sway may perhaps be more safely left to take its own course. But when, as at Combe, they are men whose narrow prejudices have hardened their strong sense into mistrust, obstinacy, and a hatred of changes, however admirable, which no experience of their own mistakes can uproot; then their rule must necessarily bear both unwisely and unfairly on their poor labourers, and some superior balance is absolutely required to prevent discipline from becoming a direct injustice, and firmness from degenerating into actual and grinding severity.

Alice went to Bradman to try to induce him to alter his purpose, by showing the injustice towards her and the children. He was amazed at her entertaining for a moment such an idea; Butler was his carter, and he had a right to turn him off. Alice should have softened her husband, not him. Butler was answerable for his own family, not he. There was the house for them—He paid rates enough. Let them go to the house—"The house"—which let every one know, means that universal *home* for the poor in uncatholic days—the workhouse—was indeed, their only resource. True, Andrew was Bradman's carter, and he had a right to turn him away, and Alice was not the only person in the world who have ever thought with a heavy heart, that law is not always equity.

Andrew went to Stoke while Alice visited Bradman. He returned home late, but he was not, as Alice feared he would be, intoxicated. He looked jaded and out of spirits. Poor Andrew—he had been to try to raise some money among his few friends, the Methodists, among whom he rather expected to be treated as a martyr. But whether or not it is necessary with them that martyrs should possess money, or have some chance of giving it, Andrew did not hear, but the good elect of Stoke turned the cold shoulder upon their new preacher, and he found that in so short a time his shining light was become dim.

Alice did not bother her husband. He seemed to shun talk, and sat down by the fire. She went up stairs to put the children to bed, and did not return for some while. When she did so, Andrew was reading. Alice glanced at the book, for it was not the large Bible which he usually studied. That hurried glance caused her to start with joy. She gave another look—Andrew was reading the Garden of the Soul, and the leaves were wet with his tears.

How in after years Alice cherished that beloved book, and allowed her children, as they grew older, now and then to use it, when they went to confession, as something which they ought specially to prize and honour. It always seemed to her as if she saw it freshly wetted with her dear husband's tears.

But Alice was a plain homely woman, though she had such, and many other feelings, which she could not very well have explained. She was an Englishwoman too—she did not pour out her feelings of joy in demonstrations, though, like Leonard,* she felt a "gushing at her heart." She went on with her work, which was making a bread pudding, and even asked Andrew to reach down the little saucepan, which was hung on a high nail, and supper was finished without any allusion to the Garden of the Soul, only that night Alice prayed more fervently, more trustingly for her husband than usual, and placed him with greater simplicity and confidence than she had ever done before under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, and then, though they had broken into their last loaf, she slept soundly.

The next day was Saturday, and Alice went with a more joyful heart than could have been expected, considering her worldly circumstances, to Father Clifford's well-known door. After her confession, and she had finished her prayer in his little chapel, she returned as usual, to his study to ask his advice as to the next week's course. He did not seem to be as sorry as she expected for Bradman's behaviour to her husband. It was the first time he had not shown that ready sympathy to which she had been accustomed from him. On the contrary, when he had heard what she had to say, he smiled, and said, "Well, Alice, you have told me some *bad* news, I have a piece of *good* news for you, which will perhaps help to lighten the other. Your husband came to me this morning to ask for instruction.

"O Father Clifford!" exclaimed Alice, clasping her hands together in joyful gratitude, "then I will thank

* In Wordsworth's beautiful poem of "The Brothers." This and many of his smaller poems are admirably adapted to the feeling and taste of the working classes.

my God for sending us trouble, as long as I have breath to speak Without it, Andrew's heart might never have turned towards our blessed Faith"

"True indeed," replied Father Clifford, seriously, "but now there is much to be done by you, Alice, and much depends on your prudence and gentleness with your husband. Though he is inclined to become a Catholic, he has many difficulties, chiefly from his natural disposition, and long habits of guiding himself, besides which, he is now bent by other troubles, about which we must consult together." Father Clifford then learned from Alice every circumstance of their wants, and their means of supplying them, to which he gave his most patient attention. He had long considered those temporal difficulties of his poor neighbours, which so much increased their hindrances, not only in carrying out their spiritual improvement, but even of following their plain religious duties. He had, therefore, formed the design of a Guild, which should possess funds sufficient to relieve those members who were deprived of work, or were sick; and thus make them, in some degree, independant of the crushing circumstances of their condition. Having carefully weighed the general necessities of such a plan, Alice's particular case furnished him with exactly the facts that he wanted, and finally determined him on instantly organizing the skeleton of the society.

In a very short time Butler received from the Guild his full wages, partly in money, partly in bread, and partly in clothes, and several other families also received supplies of coals, bread, and clothing, through the remainder of the winter, from subscriptions which some of the subscribers could in any way feel to be an individual burthen.

* * * * * * *

Time passed on, Christmas and winter were gone, and Lent had nearly worn out its time of fasting and penitential prayer, and Alice was looking forward to Holy Week and Easter, with a heart-felt and yet solid joy, which no earthly pleasure could ever have given her; for in that Holy week, on Maunday Thursday, Andrew was to make his First Communion. He had been taken into the Church some weeks, and had become so regular and devout an attendant at mass, as to edify not a little the older Catholics of Combe. No rich or splendid dwelling could ever have seemed to Alice so beautiful as did her own cottage, that eve of Maunday Thursday, when she placed a little vase of snowdrops on their simple deal oratory, and knelt with Andrew, both of them fresh from receiving absolution in the sacrament of penance, for night prayers. He was so changed, was that dogged and sullen Andrew. He was so considerate to her, so gentle with the children, so ready to help in the household duties, that the world seemed to Alice to have become fairer and more beautiful, and to live in a perpetual sunshine. The hat was hung upon its peg now, and was no more seen on Andrew's head within doors. The well-beloved and enlightened interpreters of Stoke had vanished together with their sullen moods. The children were become less rough, kindlier to one another, readier in obedience; for the example of their parents is the easiest mode of teaching children. The love of the little Butlers to their gentle and affectionate mother was unbounded. They saw that her first thought was always of God, her last invariably of herself, and her lightest word was of greater weight with them, than many a long discourse, or vehement harangue Meekness reigned in the house, and peaceful was its fruits, not only foretelling of heavenly joys, but sweetening and increasing all earthly blessings tenfold.

But it is time to draw to a close. Perhaps, by and bye, we may hear something more of the Butlers and their children, and of Combe. We must now finish in a few words.

Maunday Thursday came in bright and clear, though the early opening was frost and cold In good time were Alice and her husband, and all the children, in the little chapel; Andrew's head was bent prostrate in prayer, and Alice prayed fervently for him. It is scarcely meet here, and in a few hurried words, to speak of the blessedness of the hour of First Communion. To those who know it, little need be said, for its remembrance is ever new and fresh in their hearts. Even after a long and sinful life, when the weary wanderer is laid on a favoured death-bed, the memory of that day comes back, and the blessed tears of contrition flow again.

Butler had been a sturdy and self-willed man, but in his half hour of meditation and watch before the Blessed Sacrament that day, the high places of pride were cast down, and the rough ways were made smooth. Henceforth he became another man, and for the rest of his life, next to God and the Blessed Virgin, he never ceased to ascribe the happiness of his conversion to the meekness of his Catholic wife.

Blessed Seraphim, a Capuchin lay brother, holding the place of door-keeper in his convent, was wont to spend whole hours in prayer, in a little chapel, which was close to the gate in the garden. It happened one day that the father guardian passed by, with another monk, who had come from a distant convent; as they drew near to the chapel, he said to the monk. "Here is a saint, if you wish to behold one." And immediately he looked into the chapel, and angrily reproved brother Seraphim (all which he did by way of pretence, in order to show how humble a man he was); "What art thou about, thou hypocrite," said he, "does not our Lord teach us to shut the door of our chamber and there to pray in secret, whereas thou prayest in public, to be seen of men? Get thee gone, thou Pharisee, and be ashamed of thus deceiving strangers!" At this reproof, brother Seraphim right joyfully kissed the ground, and left the chapel, with his eyes beaming with as much serenity and cheerfulness, as if he had just heard some delightful piece of news.

He who is truly humble ought earnestly to desire to be despised, ridiculed, persecuted, and found fault with, even though unjustly: for if he would imitate the example of Christ, how can he do so more effectually than by such a method? O how great will one day appear the wisdom of him who rejoiced in being esteemed as an outcast and a fool; seeing that the very wisdom of God was thus thought of!—*S. Theresa.*

EXTRACTS FROM THE MEMOIRES DE CHEVALIER DARVIEUX.

(Continued from page 252.)

The following morning the patriarch celebrated a pontifical mass; he was assisted by four bishops, two at each corner of the altar. There was a master of the ceremonies, a deacon, a sub-deacon, two acolytes, and several priests, who were employed in other functions.

The rest of the religious sung psalms without ceasing, from the beginning of mass till the end. They were standing, and formed a crescent around a large pillar, placed in the middle of the choir, the top of which, flat and large like a table, served for a reading desk, and supported a great book written in Syriac characters.

What is most convenient in this writing is, that in whatever situation they may be, at right, or left, before, or behind, they read equally well, because being written from top to bottom, its characters always present themselves in such a manner that they may be read from every side.

Mass being finished, we received with respect the blessing of the patriarch, and went to wait for him in the great hall. We returned him our thanks, and he answered us with all the kindness imaginable, and invited us to remain at Cannobin during the time we wished to rest ourselves, and to see what there was in the country that merited our attention. We kissed his hand, and he gave us his blessing, and departed in order to place himself in security and solitude in his secret cell.

They then served us with a good breakfast, after which, being conducted by some of these venerable priests, we went to see the monastery and its environs.

It is situated in the middle, or upon the declivity of one of the mountains, which form the Valley of Saints, in the midst of a forest of large trees and shrubs of all kinds, gardens, vineyards, brooks, rivulets, and fountains scattered on every side.

One part of the convent is built separately from the church, and the other is cut in the sharp rock, in which there are small cells or chambers for the religious, and for strangers.

The church is large and beautiful, it is entirely hewn out of the rock, the entrance is closed by a wall in which is the great gate with two windows, in each of them is a large bell, which serves to ring the office, and to invite the people to assist.

These are the only bells that I know of in the Ottoman empire. It is said that sultan Saladin, who conquered this country, being in this mountain, was received by the religious who inhabited the desert with so much respect and affability, that he felt an affection for them; he repaired, and considerably enlarged their church and monastery, gave to them a portion of land, and permitted them to have bells, and to use them as in Christian countries. Not one of his successors have interfered with these donations, or this privilege. They enjoy them peaceably, and we were charmed to hear the sound of these two bells, whose echoes, repeated through all the caverns, rocks, and forests, make a beautiful harmony. They have in the sacristy a large painting of our august monarch, Lewis XIV. The patriarch had spoken of it with a sigh, and assured us that he preserved it with respect like those of all the christian princes from whom they expect their deliverance, either through him or through some one of his successors, but they regard him as their most powerful and most zealous protector, and they say particular prayers for him every day at mass, and in their office.

The sacristan showed us a quantity of relics, which they keep in marble coffers. Their extreme poverty does not permit them to have them framed in gold or silver.

At a small distance from the church, is the cave of saint Marina. She went through a long and severe penance for a crime of which she was innocent. The cave has been changed into a chapel, which has been enlarged and embellished as much as the place and the poverty of the religious permitted. Several of the patriarchs have chosen it for their sepulchres, their tombs are a little raised, and throughout the country a great veneration is entertained for this saint, and for the place of her penance.

We proceeded from thence to the bottom of the Valley of Saints, where there are several caves, which have been the habitations of those holy anchorets, whose lives will be the admiration of future ages. What appeared most surprising was, how they had been able to lodge themselves thus. They seem inaccessible from every side; it appears as if they were only fit for birds, and as if it were necessary to have wings in order to reach them, they are raised so much above the bottom of the valley, and cut in precipices as straight as walls. After having regarded them well, we imagined that they must have descended from places the least impracticable, by ladders, or by cords, and that it was thus that they communicated with one another. The borders of the river appeared enchanting to us. This river which is at first formed through the large spring, which proceeds from beneath the cedars, is continually increased by the immense number of brooks and fountains that fall from the mountain, which, passing at the feet of the trees, and through the clefts of the rocks, make natural and delightful cascades, diffusing a coolness on the air which made us forget that we were in a hot country. This we experienced besides being shaded from the heat of the sun, which cannot penetrate through the thickets of trees, with which these mountains are all covered. If we join to this the song of the nightingale, and a variety of other birds, we must agree that this place has many charms.

We passed a good part of the day in this deep, but most agreeable solitude; we even quitted it with some regret, and went back to Cannobin towards the evening.

The bishops and the religious continued their good cheer and politeness with so much liberality, that we feared being an expense to them, so much so, that we resolved to leave the following morning, notwithstanding all that these prelates could say, in order to oblige us to remain a longer time with them.

I forgot to say that we had left Tripoli with summer clothing, but that we had followed the advice that had been given us, to carry our furs with us. Indeed, they were very necessary, and we took them when we went to the cedars, where the mountains, always loaded with snow, render the air so cold, that we should otherwise have been inconvenienced.

It is these snows which have given the name of Lebanon to the mountains; it comes from the Hebrew Laban, which signifies white, and which causes these mountains to be seen from such a distance. Thus the Arabs name them White Mountains, which they express by this word, *gebel la benan.*

We were about to go the following morning, when we saw a score of soldiers approach, armed with good muskets; their figures inspired us with fear. They were sunburnt, lean men, with black eyes, and almost naked. They entered with a ferocious air into the court without saluting any one; they regarded us attentively enough for some time without saying a word. It is certain that we should have been much perplexed, if we had met them in those straight paths, where the least false step which a horse makes would have hurled him with his rider into places where we should have had a difficulty to find any part of their remains, for although we were all well armed, these people, accustomed to climb the mountains like wild goats, would have made a good bargain if we had fallen into their hands.

We finally ascertained that they were Druses, subjects of a prince of the Hbaméidié family, whose name is Serbhan ben Hhaméidié, as those who are near Seïde are subjects of the house of Maon el Meddin. It was the first of these families whom the pacha of Tripoli had endeavoured to subdue, but the subjects of this prince are strong and powerful men; it was above two months since they had abandoned their villages and houses, and had withdrawn to the summits of the rocks, where they laid exposed to all the sharpness of the air without being inconvenienced. These people have strong and excellent constitutions, enduring with ease the greatest fatigues; they are very sober, and possess unequalled courage. The bravest and most warlike Janissaries would not make them retreat a step. They use the musket and sabre with wonderful strength and skill.

When they want powder they make it themselves; therefore, each of them carries a small bag of sulphur and saltpetre; they quickly make charcoal from the willow; they pound it with a stick in a hollow of the rock, and place there the necessary quantity of sulphur and saltpetre, and thus make their powder, which is very good. They had only come to the monastery with news for the patriarch on the part of their prince, and to offer him their services in case of need.

Their arrival had at first given us some uneasiness, and we had taken our arms; they knew it, and spoke of it; they made us breakfast and drink with them, and we soon felt much pleased with them. When we were about to depart, a religious arrived from the Holy Land with whom I was acquainted, he was going to Damascus with two men who accompanied him. The meeting with this religious determined me to make the journey to Damascus with him. I took leave of my company, and as the horse which I mounted, and those of my two valets were mine, I was in a condition to gratify my curiosity. My muleteer testified a repugnance to follow me, I had need of him, however, for the mule which he conducted carried my baggage. In the end I made him consent. I took leave of my companions, they departed, and I remained during the day at Cannobin, to give time to my new companion to see the convent of Cannobin, and to walk to the cedars, whither I had the pleasure of accompanying him. We returned late enough to our resting-place, where we were received with the same politeness.

The following day we heard mass, breakfasted and took some provisions; I gave some money to the procurator, and returning thanks to our benefactors, we mounted our horses.

ELECTRICITY AND AGRICULTURE.

A late number of the *Economist* has an article on the practical application of electricity to agriculture, in the course of which it states, from experiments already made, that this new agent is likely, before long, to produce as great a revolution in agriculture as the steam-engine or spinning-jenny have done in manufactures. In confirmation of this it is said, "We have before us the result of one experiment on a considerable scale, which, we think, cannot but prove highly interesting to our readers. It took place in the north of Scotland. A portion of a field of barley, to which the electric application was made, produced last year at the rate of *thirteen quarters and a half* to the acre, while the surrounding land, similarly treated in other respects, produced the usual quantity of *five* to *six* quarters to the acre." Having explained the very simple mode in which the electric fluid is collected and applied to the land, the *Economist* says, "It has, however, been suggested to us, by a very competent authority, who has at this moment a number of experiments going forward to test this extraordinary new power in a variety of ways, that any quantity of electricity could be generated that might be required, by placing, under the ground, a bag of charcoal, and plates of zinc, and to connect the two by a wire passing over two poles. The cost at which this application can be made is computed at £1 per acre, and it is reckoned to last ten to fifteen years, the wires being carefully taken up and replaced each year. We may mention the result of an experiment on a small scale of the effect of electricity on vegetation. Two small parcels of mustard seed were sown—to one electricity was applied, the other was left to its usual course; the result was that while the former grew three inches and a half the latter grew only one inch. We should also state, that the barley produced at the rate of thirteen quarters and a half to the acre, weighed nearly 2 lb more to the bushel than any other in the neighbourhood. This discovery is certainly likely to present a very full compensation for the exhaustion of Ichaboe.

St. Thomas Aquinas, from his very earliest childhood, felt the greatest hatred of applause, so that a word in his own praise was never heard to proceed from his mouth. Moreover, he never felt any temptations to vanity or self-complacency, as he himself declared to friar Reginald, saying that he gave God thanks for never having been troubled by pride.

REPORT OF THE SUPERIOR OF THE LITTLE SEMINARY,

TO THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF VERSAILLES.

Little Seminary of Versailles, April 24, 1841.

My Lord,

I had the honour, on Monday, the 14th of April, instant, of stating *viva voce* to your lordship the astonishing facts which have just taken place at the Little Seminary, and asking your permission to make them known to M. l'Abbé Desgenettes, Curé of Nôtre Dame des Victoires at Paris. I come now to present in writing the narrative of the same facts, with the remarkable circumstances connected with them.

Renaudt (Peter), born at Paris, July 3, 1825, entered the Little Seminary of Versailles in the month of October, 1838. During the summer of 1843, he was afflicted with palpitations of the heart, and went to spend some time at home. He wished to resume his studies at the end of the vacation of that same year, but soon experienced violent paroxysms and fearful convulsions, during which four men could scarcely hold him. The physician of our establishment spared no pains to recover him. All was useless. The paroxysms were repeated in a frightful manner, and the doctor did not think it right to leave me in ignorance of the serious nature of the malady. He informed me that there was continual danger of an effusion on the brain, and did not hesitate to say that, to effect the cure of the patient it would be necessary to make him a new heart, which exceeded the power of medicine. In consequence, in the month of April, 1844, we took advantage of a slight amendment in the young man's state, to take him to Montmorency, to some relations who had brought him up. There he improved a little, and in the month of October last, came to stay at Versailles with the Curé of St. Symphorian, his protector. Although we did not wish to take him again into our establishment, we nevertheless consented to allow him to take his place in the classes as often as his strength permitted him. In granting him this favour we were not without fear, for the doctor had declared to us that at any moment the terrible consequences occasioned by the disordered action of the heart might return. Our apprehensions were realized. The 24th of February last, Renaudt, on arriving for the morning class, was seized again by his complaint, and conducted immediately to the infirmary. In spite of the most assiduous attentions, the condition of the patient continually grew worse.

Finally, on the 1st of April, the convulsive beatings of the heart, compared by our physician to violent blows of the sucker of a pump, determined an effusion on the brain, from which resulted a paralysis of the optic nerves. Thenceforth, came complete blindness and absolute insensibility of the pupil, to such a degree that the doctor put his finger upon it without the patient's feeling the smallest impression. I saw him in this deplorable condition. The eyelids drawn back left the ball of the eye uncovered, and showed it motionless as that of a marble statue. During three days and three nights the poor sufferer underwent pains which drew from him heart-rending groans.

The physician-in-chief of the civil hospice of Versailles, a doctor of great reputation, and of the most extensive experience, was consulted on Friday, April 4th. He examined the patient, thought that in all probability he would never recover his sight, said that he had an incurable malady of the heart, and added, that we might expect to lose him a little sooner, or a little later.

Disconsolate, we turned our eyes towards heaven. That same day a Novena to the Blessed Virgin was undertaken by the whole community. On Saturday, the 5th, a prolonged paroxysm, and the extreme weakness of the sufferer, determined us to give him extreme unction, a little before one in the afternoon. During this time, the scholars, assembled in the chapel, were saying the *Miserere*. As for the sufferer, he was insensible, his eyes fixed entirely open. A mustard poultice applied between the shoulders did not cause him any sensation. Respiration seemed to have ceased, and we made haste, fearing lest he should breathe his last before the end of the ceremony. His mother was there bathed in tears. About a quarter of an hour after the administration, Renaudt came to himself, and said that he felt no more pain. He who for so long a time had remained in bed without being able to take nourishment, after an entire prostration of strength, requested to get up from that same day, and was able to walk in the infirmary. This improvement allowed him on Sunday the 6th, to be present at vespers, sermon, and benediction. The following days he rose at five in the morning, attended the meditation, and was able to hear several Masses. He suffered no more, but was still blind, although the eyelids had recovered their power of motion. He was led several times to the recreation, in the middle of the day, and being placed by his school-fellows so as to face the sun, did not feel the slightest impression of light. He had already that delicacy of hearing which is peculiar to the blind, and recognized by their steps those who came to the infirmary.

On Friday, April 11, was called in a distinguished oculist of Paris, who after having acknowledged, like our physicians, that the effusion on the optic nerves, determined by the disease of the heart, was the cause of the blindness, considered the case a bad one, and did not venture to promise more than that by means of an energetic treatment, he would endeavour to restore to our blind youth *a little light.*

The prospective view of this treatment was not encouraging. Copious bleeding, application of leeches, blistering, seton, &c. But our physicians had thought, eight days before, that Renaudt, exhausted by eighteen months of paroxysms and a

treatment suitable, could scarcely be bled again without danger. I had also heard our doctor complain that his patient had become rebellious against all medical processes.

We had then but one remaining hope for the cure of the sight. The Novena was to finish on Saturday, April 12. Our dear blind one communicated that day at the Community Mass, but his sight was not restored. After this, we concluded that we must resign ourselves to submit him to the treatment prescribed by the oculist; and not being able to apply it in our establishment, we took our measures promptly for confiding him to the maternal cares of the Sisters of Charity of Versailles. The necessary steps were taken on Sunday the 13th, and it was decided that the poor youth should leave us on Monday the 14th of April, between nine and ten in the morning. On this day, fixed for his departure, he heard a first Mass at six o'clock. After the Mass he spoke to his confessor. He expressed to him how painful it was to him to think that many of his young schoolfellows might be shaken in their faith, when they saw that, notwithstanding their fervent prayers, he had remained blind. He entreated him to speak to them, to reanimate their confidence; and he requested to be recommended to the Archiconfrerie. Afterwards he wished to attend at the Community Mass, which was said at seven o'clock, in order to communicate, a last time, in the chapel of the Little Seminary. He had in this a two-fold intention; first, to acquit himself by anticipation of the communion which had fallen to him, according to his number, as a member of the Sacred Heart; and secondly, to obtain the strength he needed in order to support a treatment of which he was ignorant neither of the severity nor of the duration. He was brought, therefore, to the Community Mass, wearing the ribbon and medal of the Association of the Sacred Heart, and was placed on my bench in the sanctuary. At the moment of the communion, the infirmarian, giving him his arm, conducted him to the altar. I placed on his tongue the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, gave the communion to many other persons, and finished the holy Mass.

On my return to the Sacristy, I blessed a Crucifix which our blind youth had left before the Mass, and which he was to take with him. After this benediction, which was the business of an instant, the Infirmarian came up to me, and muttered some words which I scarcely understood. He said that, after the Communion, Renaudt had chosen to go back alone to his place. (This circumstance had not escaped me; but I had paid no further attention to it, than to remark rapidly within myself how quickly the blind become accustomed to localities.) The scholar charged with the care of the Sacristy, came to join the Infirmarian, to assure me that the young man, after returning to his bench, had taken and opened a book. I thought he was dreaming. "We shall see presently," I answered them, "what the case is;" and I hastened to put off the vestments with which I was robed.

At this moment the door opened; and I saw, with inexpressible surprise and joy, young Renaudt come down the six steps which join the floor of the Sacristy to that of the Chapel, then come and throw himself into my arms, and press himself to my heart Sharing in his gratitude and wonder, I mingled my tears with his, and said to him: "What, then, have you experienced; and what has happened to you?—What! light is restored to you!"

"Yes," replied he; "when I was on my knees at the foot of the Altar, waiting for the holy Communion, a voice said to me, 'Believest thou? Believest thou?' And I answered, 'Yes, Lord; I believe that Thou canst work a miracle: Thou hast taken away my sight: Thou canst easily restore it to me.' As soon as the sacred Host had touched my tongue, I found myself dazzled: I saw every thing, and I saw nothing. As I remained there, motionless, the Infirmarian touched me gently, to remind me to get up. Then I perceived distinctly the step of the Altar. As I returned, I saw a bench, towards which I directed my course, declining the help of my guide. There were there several books: I took one of them and opened it, in order to try to what extent I saw clearly. It was an Imitation of our Lord Jesus Christ. The print was very small. I passed several leaves which contained the Ordinary of the Mass, and I fell on these words, which I read distinctly: '*Qui sequitur me, non ambulat in tenebris, dicit Dominus.*'* Then I shut the book, and applied myself to prayer."

Such was the answer of Renaudt. I was astonished with the recital. We returned together to the Chapel, and made our thanksgiving side by side.

In the mean time, many of the two hundred scholars present at the Mass had perceived what had happened. They had remarked that the blind youth had returned without help to his place—they had seen that he had opened a book. The news passed quickly from mouth to mouth, and there was an universal enthusiasm when, at the recreation after breakfast, they saw appear in the courts, in the midst of the other scholars, whom he distinguished and called by their names, him who, twenty minutes before, as we all saw and knew, had been unable to take six steps to present himself at the Altar, without the help of another's eye. They surrounded him, they clapped their hands, they felicitated themselves, they gave glory to God.

At the end of the recreation—that is to say, at eight o'clock—Renaudt went to the Sisters of the laundry and infirmary. For my own part, I employed myself in despatching an express to the Curé of St. Symphorian, in order to impart to him the happy news. After these things, about nine in the morning, the mother of our scholar, who, for the ten or twelve days preceding, had fixed herself at Versailles, in order to follow from a nearer position the

*[He that followeth Me, doth not walk in darkness, saith the Lord.—John 8, 12. Imit. B. 1. c. 1, beginning.]

course of the malady, presented herself at our porter's lodge, with sorrow in her soul; for she came to proceed to the preparations for departure. On learning suddenly the sudden cure of her son, she hastened her steps in order to assure herself with her own eyes; but when she saw him, she was near fainting away, so powerful was her emotion.

About ten o'clock in the morning, at the end of the class, the doctor, who had as yet heard nothing, arrived for the purpose of visiting his patients, with the intention of taking our blind youth in his cabriolet, and presenting him himself to the persons who were to apply the intended course of treatment. He was going up the stairs of the infirmary, when he saw coming to meet him a scholar, who was descending the steps two at a time, and who saluted him, pressing his hands. What was his surprise! It was Renaudt; but he did not stay; he was in haste to join the Assembly of the Sacred Heart. After the short daily prayer, the members, delighted to see in the midst of them him whom they thought they had lost altogether, intoned the *Magnificat*. On hearing them, the scholars, who were at recreation in the great court, went immediately to unite their voices with those of their schoolfellows. Those who were in the infirmary did the same; and the doctor remained with one patient only, who was then in bed.

All this had been done spontaneously. For myself, my ears being struck in my room with the chant which rose from the Chapel, I descended with all haste to take part in the expression of the general gratitude; and when this desire of the heart was satisfied, I saw in the court young Renaudt. I addressed some words to him, and he soon left me, and ran to find the doctor again. The doctor did not delay coming to express to me his lively satisfaction. He related to me his unexpected meeting with the scholar, on the middle of the stairs; and depicted to me the excess of his surprise. He told me also that he had just examined Renaudt's heart, and that, in spite of his agitation, and the powerful emotions of the morning, he found it in a very good state.

At noon, Renaudt came to the refectory. They had placed him at my side, and he dined with a good appetite. After our repast, we all went to the Chapel, and I had the dear Child placed in the Sanctuary, in the place where in the morning he had been seen take a book: and we sang the *Regina Cœli* in testimony of gratitude.

This happened on Monday, the 14th of April, 1845. I would attest, if necessary, on the faith of an oath, the truth of all the facts contained in this report. They took place publicly, in a house which counts upwards of two hundred and thirty inhabitants. It will be very easy to proceed to an inquisition, if your Lordship shall judge it expedient.

I must not omit to state that Renaudt had put his full confidence in Mary the Mother of God; that we ourselves had had recourse to Mary to obtain his cure; and that the day before that on which our Novena began, M. l'Abbé Desgenettes had been written to, to recommend the sufferer to the prayers of the Archiconfrérie.

Since his cure in this so astonishing a manner, Renaudt has seen and gone on as if he had never been ill or blind. There has been no convalescence, and the return to light has been sudden and perfect, like the return to health.

I have been fulfilling a very delightful duty in relating to your Lordship the principal circumstances of an event calculated to edify the faithful. I now conclude, laying at your feet the homage of the profound respect with which I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

Humble Servant,

LAMBERT,

(Superior of the Little Seminary.)

A WARWICKSHIRE VILLAGE.

We drove through the village of Hatton. To say that it is for Warwickshire, an ugly village, is not to abuse it; for of all the counties in England I defy any one of them to match Warwickshire in villages. These have the knack, some how, of always planting themselves down in pretty spots, beneath umbrageous trees; or just on the brow of those few gentle acclivities which afford a prospect of sweet meadows, skirted with hawthorn hedges, then one mass of fragrant snow. And these same hedges are sure, in Warwickshire, to be carpeted by such tufts of primroses, such beds of hyacinths—and the fields which they surround are so rich, so green—that one wonders not at the stupendous arms of those oak-trees which stretch here and there, beneath which those children are playing. But to return to Hatton. It lies on either side of the main road from Birmingham, and is homely, but not unpleasing, in its aspect; for the cottages were neat, and there was an air of prosperity throughout the humble scene; and you were sure, if a door chanced to be half open, to catch a glimpse of a well-whitewashed little room, with a blazing fire (coals are cheap there—every thing was cheap), some gaudy pictures over the high chimney-piece, in little black frames—firetongs and pokers as bright as any nobleman's plate, a reddened floor, a well-conditioned clock. Ah! such little property as pictures, cloths, chests of drawers, and other household matters, characterize the homes of the rural poor, where they *pledge* not—where they know not the name of the pawnbroker, save as the synonyme with ruin.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

Vain self-complacency, and the desire to appear something to be talked of, and that people should praise our conduct, and should say that we have succeeded well, and that we perform wonders, is an evil, which makes us forget God, and which infects our best actions. It is the most pernicious vice with which we have to combat during our progress in the spiritual life. I cannot understand how that man, who seeks to pass for a person of piety, wisdom, vigilance, or talent, can possibly believe and hold as a truth of divine faith, that "he that exalteth himself shall be abased."—*St. Vincent of Paul.*

ENTERTAINMENTS ON ITALY AND ITALIAN MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

BETWEEN AN ITALIAN PRIEST AND AN ENGLISH FAMILY

Introduction. The Rev. Father Theodore, an Italian priest of the congregation of ——, having left his own country to come to England, or rather, having been sent here by his superiors, entirely devotes himself to the welfare and good of the English. His chief employment consists in giving retreats in various places, preaching, hearing confessions, instructing the ignorant, and reconciling Protestants to the Catholic faith. After labouring hard for a long time, he was seized with a very severe cold, notwithstanding which he still persevered in his pious labours as well as he was able. In the beginning of the Lent of 1845 he was invited by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Brown to give two Retreats at Liverpool. He went there in a very low state of health, and with great difficulty carried on the first of these Retreats; after having finished it he found himself quite spent, and by no means in a fit condition to undertake the second. For the labours of giving a Retreat are very hard for any man how strong soever he may be, how much more then for one who is sick and exhausted as he was? Being then in this state at the conclusion of the first retreat, he gratefully accepted the kind invitation of a charitable lady to spend a week or two in her house to recruit his fallen strength, that he might be the better able to labour with success in the vineyard of our Lord.

The house of this lady is a sort of rendezvous for all apostolic men, who frequently resort there, and are treated with the best kindness and charity. The lady is in respectable circumstances, supporting her family by her own and husband's industry. Her name is Mary Smith; she has three daughters and two sons, the names of the former are Sophia, Lucy, and Eliza, and of the latter James and John.

Father Theodore was welcomed by all, especially by Mr. Smith and his wife. After the first compliments had passed between them Mr. Smith thus addressed Father Theodore: "I hope, my dear Father, your stay in my house will be profitable not only for the recovery of your health but also for the improvement of myself and family. In place of giving a Retreat this week in St. Patrick's church you will find occupation enough here, in giving a Retreat to my family. You must convert us all and make us good christians." "I hope," replied F. Theodore, "you are already converted, so that I shall have rather to learn than to teach." "To tell the truth," rejoined Mr. Smith, "I cannot complain much of my family, almost all are good except myself; still I am not so well pleased with my sons as I am with my daughters. They are young men, and you know we live in the world; they are of a good temper and disposition, but, alas!—— You must receive them with great kindness; I hope they will improve by and bye."

When the children were all assembled at home in the evening, Father Theodore felt anxious to see and speak with the two young men; he was accordingly introduced to them, and his kind and engaging address was received and returned with great politeness. James and John began to plead their excuse for not having been present at the Retreat as they ought to have been. Mr. Smith remarked that now was the time to repair their negligence by performing a retreat at home under the conduct of F. Theodore. To this, however, they objected, alleging that they would rather go to the next public Retreat. They intimated that in the meanwhile they would be very glad to be entertained with some account of Italy from the mouth of an Italian. "Italy," they observed, "is a fine country; it attracts the feelings of all people, but particularly of Catholics; still it is difficult to form a just idea of it from reading the various and often contradictory relations of travellers. Almost all," they continued, "agree in praising the country, but not in praising the inhabitants. Italy is a fine country indeed, every one says so; but the Italians? Are they as fine as their country? here lies the dispute. Now you are an Italian, and of course are well able to give us a true idea of Italy and its people. You will then greatly oblige us by giving us some short account of both."

F. Theodore. Indeed, my dear friends, you do me great honour by making me such a request, it is far above what I deserve.

James. I cannot think so, for it is quite natural that every man should have a better acquaintance with his own country than a stranger or traveller has.

F. Theodore. That is perfectly true; but the difficulty lies not here, but rather in that peculiar bias created by the love we bear towards ourselves and every thing belonging to us. This bias makes us but too often form a good opinion of a thing, not because it is in itself good, but because it is ours; hence we are stirred up to idolize, as it were, every thing that some way or other has relation to us. This exposes us not unfrequently to the ridicule of those who are not influenced by this bias, but have rather an opposite tendency. Listen to a Frenchman speaking of his country. He will tell you that there is no country upon earth so rich and beautiful, or so happy as France. An Irishman will tell you that Ireland is the most beautiful island under heaven, and its people the finest. Whilst an Englishman on the contrary will maintain the same of England; and an Italian will give the preference to his own country. Every one loves his own country better than another; this love is good if kept within due bounds, but very often it goes far beyond.

John. Still, I think this cannot be verified with regard to you, because you have left Italy for England, and this is a sign that you prefer this country to your own. Is not this the case?

F. Theodore. Were I to answer you in the affirmative you would perhaps look upon me as a flatterer, therefore, I think it best to refrain from giving you a direct answer. This only will I say, that I have always had a great love for England, and this love has very much increased since I have been here. I have also a great esteem of the English character, and were I to say that it excels the character of many other nations I should not consider myself departing from the truth.

James. But at least it is not superior to the character of the Italians?

F. Theodore. I think I may say with truth that I have a greater love for the English character than for the Italian. I do not now enter in to discuss the moral qualities, but I mean the character at large, the temper of mind, physical qualities, feelings, &c.

John. If so, we may rely then upon your account of Italy, as you are not so much an idolizer of your own country as to prefer it to all others, and at the same time you will be well acquainted with the country and its inhabitants, having spent there so many years of your life.

F. Theodore. I believe I have a pretty good knowledge of all this; for not only have I been born and brought up in Italy, but I have exercised the duties of a missionary there for above twenty years, and no one is better able to become acquainted with a country than a missionary is; his apostolic duties call him from place to place, and bring him in continual contact with people of all ranks and conditions. A traveller may know the surface of a country, a countryman may know the body, but a missionary knows the very marrow, the very heart, if I may so speak.

James. Please to tell us then something of what you know about Italy.

F. Theodore. I will endeavour to comply with your request as well as I can. I will speak not so much about the country as about the manners and customs of the inhabitants, which to me, especially, are much better known than the country itself. And, moreover, with regard to the latter I dare say you are pretty well acquainted with it from the accounts given of it by English travellers, who are scarcely able to describe any thing else than what they have seen with their eyes, or have materially felt. The country is, indeed, very fine; the sky is almost invariably bright and beautiful. The heat in summer is excessive, so that it is almost impossible to travel during the day, at least from ten o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon. And, moreover, what seems a little curious is, that the cold in winter is pretty severe, especially in the valleys, as is the case in Rome. This proceeds, I believe, from the prevalence, during this season, of the north wind, which sweeping over the Alps and Appenines covered with perpetual snows, brings with it the cold of these frozen mountains. The houses are generally not calculated to meet this cold, but solely to prevent the excessive heats of summer; hence the cold is felt very severely. Still the country is extremely pleasant, especially on account of its fertility, and the romantic variety of its mountains, plains, hills, valleys, gardens and vineyards, and the view of its immense woods and forests. This variety is so great, that you travel scarcely an hour without experiencing a change in climate and prospect, and even in the manners of the people. Nothing there shows any dull monotony; hence you never feel tired or wearied by that sameness which a different country presents to its inhabitants and to travellers. The pleasure, however, arising from this varied prospect, which increases at every step, is counterbalanced by the unpleasantness of the roads, which are extremely rugged and uneven, and soon fatigue the horses. Very frequently travellers are obliged to descend and pursue their way on foot, to avoid the danger of falling into some precipice. The cause of this is the unevenness of the country, covered with mountains and hills, so that the roads cannot be made level as in this country, and in Belgium, Germany, and some parts of France. The inns are in general not so fine and respectable as in England; and the servants particularly, are often very troublesome, plaguing you continually for the *mancia*, so that you are obliged to have your hand constantly in your purse, in order to satisfy their greediness, and to get rid of them. You meet with the same in the *Vetturim*, who, to be sure, are not the best kind of people, although I have known some among them very civil and reasonable, and very good christians, but the number of these is not great. Innkeepers and *Vetturim* are in general bad, and this is the reason that so many travellers are deceived regarding the character of the Italians; they suppose the people at large are all like these, but this is very far from being the case. We shall, however, by and bye, have plenty to say about the manners and customs of the people. "Yes," answered Mrs. Smith, "I do not care to hear about the country, but about the people; in the mean time you will please to come and take your tea which is now ready."

(To be continued.)

THE institution of Lent has always been considered by the holy Fathers as derived from apostolical tradition, though it was not till the middle of the third century that it was required by a law.....During the middle ages, the laity of all ranks devoted this season of the year to retirement and prayer. Thus did Alfred and Robert, and many other kings of England and France. "These are the days which we ought to observe," says St. Bernard, "days full of piety and grace, on which the minds even of wicked men are moved to penitence, for such is the power of the Sacraments administered on these days, that they can rend even hearts of stone, and soften iron breasts." By the statutes of the holy Abbot Adalard, in the year 822, among the days on which all persons belonging to the service of the monastery of Corby were to be exempted from labour, was the first day of Lent, in order that they might have time for renewing their confessions: and the very title of Shrovetide in England, indicates that this practice was general among the people. St. Basil in the fourth century, speaks of Lent as follows:—"There is no church, no continent, no city, no nation, no corner of the earth ever so remote, in which this fast is not proclaimed. Armies, travellers, sailors, merchants, though far from home, every where hear the solemn promulgation and receive it with joy. Let no one exclude himself from the number of those who fast, in which all men of every age, of whatever rank and dignity, are comprised. Angels draw up the list of them that fast. Take care then that your angel put down your name: desert not the standard of your religion."—During the middle ages we learn how rigidly the Lent was observed, from what St. Bernard says. "I beseech you, dearly beloved, receive with all devotion this Lenten fast, which not only the abstinence commends, but much more the sacrament. How can that be burdensome to us which the universal church bears along with us? Hitherto we used to fast only till nones; now, like ourselves, all kings and princes, clergy and people, nobles and plebeians, rich and poor, all fast until vespers. I do not ask what monk, but what christian will not observe this fast devoutly?" Till the twelfth century, the fast of Lent was never broken before the evening, though at other times it was usual to take the meal after nones. Not even water could be drank excepting at the time of the repast. What was saved by fasting was given to the poor. Abstinence from all usual pleasures was also required, but on the Sunday Lactare there was a certain remission of austerity.—The custom of marking bread with a cross on certain days is of great antiquity. St. Gregory the Great, says, that it was the custom to sign the penitential bread with a cross, so that it might be divided into four equal parts; and in the time of St. Benedict, the bread of four pounds being thus signed, was divided among four monks.—The celebration of Palm Sunday is very ancient, and traced from Palestine, whence it spread through the East, till in the sixth century it was established in the West.

R. Digby.

'Tis ever thus in holy things,
The more we seek the sacred springs,
More fresh and deep their bounty flows,
More calm beneath the skies repose,
Often'r we turn, more love we learn,
And learning more, more thither turn.

Cathedral.

A man who loves God, ought to rejoice when he is accounted of a poor and weak understanding, of mean birth, or of little virtue, the dregs and outcast of the world. And whensoever an occasion offers itself for him to suffer some abjection or contempt from others, with joy and thankfulness should he take hold of it; and by this rule shall he be able to measure his advancement in the all-necessary virtue of humility.—*S. Vincent of Paul*

TRANSLATION OF THE HYMN ADORO TE DEVOTÉ LATENS DEITAS.

O hidden Deity,
Thine awful majesty
Prone I adore;
Present beneath the mystic veil,
Thou King of love, all hail!
Now and for evermore.

In this high mystery
Reason must bend to Thee
And leave her throne;
Though sight, taste, touch, all are deceived,
Thy word divine must be believed,
And faith must reign alone.

The Incarnate Word hath said,
"I am that living Bread
Which came from heaven;"
Lord, I believe Thy faithful word,
Here is the body of my God
For wretched sinners given.

In Thy sad passion, Lord,
Thy Deity adored
Remained concealed;
But in this high mysterious rite
Thy Manhood and thy Godhead's might
Are both by faith revealed.

As to the contrite thief,
In Thy last mortal grief,
Was given a boon;
So grant me, dearest Lord, to see
Thy Deified Humanity
Upon heaven's glorious throne.

O pledge of life divine!
Yet of Thy death the sign,
My loving Lord;
Though Thy sweet wounds I cannot see,
May'st Thou in this, faith's mystery,
Be ever more adored.

May all my powers on Thee
Be fixed eternally,
Thou Living Bread!
Dear Jesus, with Thy sweets untold,
Until this mortal course hath rolled,
May my poor soul be fed.

O wondrous love to man!
Thou, like the Pelican,
Thy precious blood,
Of which our drops the world could free
From all its foul impurity,
Dost give us for our food.

Thou who to mortal sight
Dost hide Thy glory's light,
In pitying love,
Grant to my thirsting soul the grace
To see the brightness of Thy face
In endless joys above.

THE GIPSIES OF THE LOWER DANUBE.

This singular houseless race, which has no abiding place on earth, and nowhere leaves permanent traces behind it, roves about in great numbers on the Lower Danube, on both banks. These people live only in tents outside the towns; in winter, in holes underground, or in caves and woods. They subsist by begging, stealing, musical performances and tinkering; some are good blacksmiths. Most of them are Christians following all sorts of pagan customs; as to others, nobody knows whether they belong to any religious communion or not; they are like the beasts of the desert, wild, unruly, and free, having no intercourse with other men, among whom they cannot bear to be. Nobody knows what is their origin—nobody can form an idea whether they are susceptible of any civilization. They pass on mysteriously through ages, as if enveloped in a dark cloud. Missionaries and Bible Societies venture to penetrate to the most savage tribes of Africa, Asia, and Australia—the gipsies they do not venture to visit. The gipsy is abandoned to his fate, and the only notice taken of him is to oblige him to pay a tax; namely, a ducat per head every year. According to the account of a German settled at Jassy, who had been our fellow-traveller from Pesth, this tax is introduced at least into Moldavia, where there are half a million of gipsies. The rich boyar is exempt from tax—not so the gipsy. Is not that extraordinary? They are divided, like the ancient Romans, into sections of ten, one hundred, five hundred; and the chief of the five hundred is held responsible for the tax. Thus all that these people know of the state of human society, is the burden which they are forced to bear. However, they enjoy a right: a horde of gipsies must be allowed to stay three days wherever they think proper to pitch their camp, though, bearing a very bad character, they are almost always unwelcome. Yes, I have to-day beheld Turkish and gipsy abodes face to face. Still stranger phenomena will come by and by.—*The Countess Hahn hahn.*

Many of the heroic actions of the saints sound foolish to the ears of worldlings; but let not this appear strange. St. Paul has said of such, that the world is not worthy of them; and our blessed Saviour has declared, that if they were of the world, the world would love his own; but they are not of the world, and therefore the world hateth them. Still the actions of the saints are not all recorded for our imitation, so much as for our edification, to stir us up to a greater fervour, to humble our pride, and to fill us with a holy contempt of ourselves. When we see the wonderful austerities used by these great servants of God, shall we not feel ashamed to indulge our appetites, and to abstain from some daily mortifications for the love of God? And though it would neither be prudent, nor consistent with humility, to perform such extraordinary acts of penance as those recorded of S. Rose of Lima, without at least a special inspiration of God and the advice of our director, still such histories should excite in us a penitential spirit, a detestation of our sins, a deep sorrow for having offended our good God, and a habitual mortification of all our unruly appetites, together with a constant practice of little daily acts of self-denial. In such as these, there is no danger of excess.—*Maxims, &c.*

All those who have in good earnest desired to arrive at the possession of humility, have ever given themselves up by every means to the practice of humiliations; because they knew that this is the most expeditious and shortest road to obtain that great virtue.—*S. Bernard.*

THE PRESENT AND THE PAST.

Although the steam engine itself is more naturalised amongst us than with any other nation of Europe, railroad travelling has unquestionably outraged more of the associations we once cherished and were proud of than it could possibly effect in countries of less rural and picturesque beauty than England. "La Belle France" is but a great corn field: in winter, a dreary waste of yellow soil; in autumn, a desert of dried stubble. Belgium is only a huge cabbage-garden, flat and fœtid. Prussia, a sandy plain, dotted with sentry-boxes. To traverse these, speed is the grand requisite: there is little to remark, less to admire. The sole object is to push forward; and, when one remembers the lumbering diligence and its eight buffaloes, the rail is a glorious alternative. In England, however, rural scenery is eminently characterized. The cottage of the peasant, enshrined in honeysuckle, the green glade, the rich and swelling champaign, the quaint old avenues, leading to some ancient hall, the dark glen, the shining river, follow each other in endless succession, suggesting so many memoirs of our people, and teeming with such informations of their habits, tastes, and feelings. There was something distinctive, too, in that well-appointed coach, with its four bays, tossing their heads with impatience, as they stood before the village inn, waiting for the passengers to breakfast. I loved every jingle of the brass housings: the flap of the traces, and the bang of the swingle-bar were music to my ears; and what a character was he who wrapped his great drab coat around his legs, and gathered up the reins with that careless indolence that seemed to say, "The beasts have no need of guidance, they know what they are about!" The very leer of his merry eye, was a novel in three volumes; and mark how lazily he takes the whip from the fellow that stands on the wheel, proud of such a service; and hear him as he cries, "All right, Bill, let 'em go!" and then mark the graceful curls of the long lash, as it plays around the leaders' flanks, and makes the skittish devils bound ere they are touched; and now we go careering along the mountain side, where the breeze is fresh and the air bracing, with a wide-spread country all beneath us, across which the shadows are moving like waves. Again, we move along some narrow road, overhung with trees, rich in perfumed blossoms, which fall in showers over us as we pass: the wheels are crushing the ripe apples as they lie uncared for; and now we are in a deep glen, dark and shady, where only a straggling sunbeam comes; and see, where the road opens, how the rabbits play, nor are scared at our approach! Ha! merry England, there are sights and sounds about you to warm a man's heart, and make him think of home.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

SHE IS NOT WELL.

There is a story in the Leinster family which passes under the name of "*she is not well.*" A protestant clergyman, whose church was in the neighbourhood, was a guest at the house of that upright and excellent man the Duke of Leinster. He had been staying there three or four days; and on Saturday night, as they were all retiring to their rooms, the Duke said, "We shall meet to-morrow at breakfast."—"Not so, (said our Milesian protestant); "your hour, my lord, is a little too late for me; I am very particular in the discharge of my duty, and your breakfast will interfere with my church." The duke was pleased with the very proper excuses of his guest, and they separated for the night;—his grace perhaps deeming his palace more safe from all the evils of life for containing in its bosom such an exemplary son of the church. The first person, however, whom the duke saw in the morning upon entering the breakfast-room, was our punctual protestant, deep in rolls and butter, his finger in an egg, and a large slice of the best Tipperary ham secured on his plate. "Delighted to see you, my dear vicar," said the duke; "but I say as much surprised as delighted." "Oh, don't you know what has happened!" said the sacred breakfaster—"*she is not well.*" "Who is not well?" said the duke; "you are not married—you have no sister living—I'm quite uneasy; tell me who is not well." "Why the fact is, my lord duke, that my congregation consists of the clerk, the sexton, and the sexton's wife. Now the sexton's wife is in very delicate health; when she cannot attend, we cannot muster the number mentioned in the rubric; and we have, therefore, no service on that day. The good woman had a cold, and sore throat this morning, and as I had breakfasted but slightly, I thought I might as well hurry back to the regular family dejeuner." I don't know that the clergyman behaved improperly; but such a church is hardly worth an insurrection and civil war every ten years.—*Sydney Smith.*

SONNET, BY MICHEL-ANGIOLO.

"Giunto è gia, il fino," &c.

Now is my life nigh ended!—towards the port,
Where my frail vessel I must soon unlade,
Each billow rolls me; there, to be assayed,
Forth shall my good and evil deeds be brought.

E'en now the once invigorating thought
Of art, my monarch idol, seems to fade;
By love of fame, a common lure, betrayed,
I feel I have pursued a thing of nought.

Is't hard earth's loves and follies to resign,
When fain to blight me and my memory
Two deaths—one sure, one probable—combine?

I'll hew and paint no more; but, fancy free,
Seek the embrace of yonder Arms Divine,
Expanded, loving, on the cross for me.

S. I. E.

According to my judgment we shall never acquire true humility, unless we lift up our eyes to contemplate the perfections of God. For the soul seeth better her own meanness and deformity, when she beholdeth his infinite greatness; when she regardeth his spotless holiness, she hath a clearer sight of her own uncleanness; and when she considereth his infinite patience, she quickly perceiveth how very far she is from true patience: in a word, whilst she fixeth her eyes on the Divine perfections, she discovereth in herself such innumerable and such enormous imperfections, as would make her desire, if possible, never to see so hideous a sight again.—*S. Theresa.*

He who would be a saint indeed, ought never to excuse himself, except on some very rare occasions, even though that with which he is charged be altogether untrue. It was thus that Jesus Christ acted. He heard himself accused of evil that he had never done, and yet he uttered not one word to free himself from that confusion.—*S. Philip Neri.*

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